

# ITER BOREALE.

Attempting something upon the Successfull  
and Matchless March of the Lord General

GEORGE MONCK, <sup>13</sup>

FROM

# SCOTLAND,

TO

# LONDON,

the last Winter, &c.

*Veni, Vidi, Vici.*

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By a Rural Pen.

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GEORGE MONCK,

From *Scotland* to *London*, the last  
Winter.

**T**He day is broke ! *Melpomene*, be gone ;  
Hag of my Fancy, let me now alone :  
Night-mare my soul no more ; Go take thy flight  
Where Traytors Ghosts keep an eternal night ;  
Flee to Mount *Caucasus*, and bear thy part  
With the black Fowl that tears *Prometheus* heart  
For his bold Sacrilege : Go fetch the groans  
Of defunct Tyrants, with them croke thy Tones ;  
Go see *Alejo* with her flaming whip,  
How she firks *Nol*, and makes old *Bradshaw* skip :  
Go make thy self away. — Thou shalt no more  
Choak up my Standish with the blood and gore  
Of English Tragedies : I now will chuse  
The merriest of the Nine to be my Muse.

A 2

And



And (come what will) I'll scribble once again :  
 The brutish Sword hath cut the Nobler Vein  
 Of racy Poetry. Our small-drink-times  
 Must be contented, and take up with Rhymes.  
 Thy're forty toys from a poor Levites pack,  
 Whose Living and Assesments drink no Sack.  
 The Subject will excuse the Verse (I trow)  
 The Ven'son's fat, although the Crust be dow.

## I I.

I He who whileom sate and sung in Cage  
 My Kings and Countries Ruines, by the rage  
 Of a rebellious Rout : - who weeping saw  
 Three goodly Kingdoms ( drunk with fury ) draw  
 And sheath their Swords (like three enraged Brothers)  
 In one anothers sides, ripping their Mothers  
 Belly, and tearing out her bleeding heart ;  
 Then jealous that th-ir Father fain would part  
 Their bloody Fray, and let them fight no more,  
 Fell foul on him, and slew him at his dore.  
 I that have only dar'd to whisper Verses,  
 And drop a tear (by stealth) on loyal Herfes,  
 I that enraged at the *Times* and *Rump*,  
 Had gnaw'd my Goose-quill to the very stump,  
 And flung that in the fire, no more to write  
 But to sit down poor *Britains* *Heracle* ;  
 Now sing the triumphs of the Men of War,  
 The glorious rayes of the bright Northern Star,  
 Created for the nonce by Heaven, to bring  
 The Wisemen of three Nations to their King :  
**MONCK!** the great *Monck!* That syllable out-shines  
*Plantagenet's* bright name, or *Constantine's*.  
 'Twas at his Rising that our day begun,  
 Be He the *Morning Star* to *Charles* our *Sun* :

He



He took Rebellion rampant, by the Throat;  
 And made the Canting *Quaker* change his Note;  
 His hand it was that wrote (we saw no more)  
*Exit Tyrannus* over *Lambert's* dore:  
 Like to some subtle Lightning, so his words  
 Dissolved in their Scabbards Rebels swords:  
 He with successe the soveraign skill hath found,  
 To dresse the Weapon, and so heal the Wound.  
*George*, and his Boyes (as Spirits do, they say)  
 Only by Walking scare our Foes away.

## I I I.

**O**ld *Holofernes* was no sooner laid,  
 Before the Idols Funeral pomp was paid,  
 (Nor shall a penny ere be paid for me;  
 Let fools that trusted, his true Mourners be.)  
*Richard* the fourth, just peeping out of Squire,  
 No fault so much as, Th'old one was his Sire;  
 For men believ'd — though all went in his Name,  
 He'd be but Tennant, till the Landlord came:  
 When on a sudden (all amaz'd) we found  
 The seven Years *Babel* tumbled to the ground;  
 And he, poor heart, (thanks to his cunning Kin)  
 Was soon in *Querpo* honest *Dick* agen.  
*Exit Protector*. — What comes next? I trow,  
 Let the State-Huntsmen beat again, — So ho  
 Cries *Lambert*, Master of the Hounds, — Here fits  
 That lusty Puss, *The Good Old Cause*, — whose wits  
 Shew'd *Oliver* such sport; That, that (cries *Vane*),  
 Let's put her up, and run her once again:  
 She'll lead our Doggs and Followers up and down,  
 Whilst we match Families, and take the Crown.  
 Enter th'old Members; 'Twas the Moneth of May  
 These Maggots in the Rump began to play.

*Wallingford.*



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*Wallingford* Anglers (though they stunk) yet thought,  
They would make baits, by which Fish might be caught ;  
And so it prov'd ; They soon by Taxes made  
More money then the *Holland* Fishing Trade.

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I I I I.

**N**OW broke in *Ægypt's* plagues (all in a day)  
And one more worse then theirs ; — We must not pray  
To be deliver'd : — Their scabb'd folks were free  
To scratch where it did itch ; — So might not we.  
That Meteor *Cromwel*, though he scar'd, gave light ;  
But we were now cover'd with horrid Night :  
Our Magistracy was (like *Moses* Rod )  
Turn'd to a Serpent by the angry God :  
Poor Citizens , when trading would not do,  
Made brick without straw, and were basted too :  
Struck with the botch of Taxes and Excise ;  
Servants ( our very dust ) were turn'd to lice ;  
It was but turning Souldiers, and they need  
Not work at all, but on their Masters feed.  
Strange Catterpillars ate our pleasant things ;  
And Froggs croakt in the Chambers of our Kings.  
Black bloody veins did in the Rump prevail,  
Like the Philistims Emrods in the Tayle.  
Lightning, Haile, Fire, and Thunder *Ægypt* had,  
And *England* Guns, Shot, Powder, ( that's as bad. )  
And that Sea-Monster *Lawson* ( if withstood )  
Threatned to turn our Rivers into blood.  
And ( Plague of all these plagues ) all these plagues fell  
Not on an *Ægypt* , but our *Israel*.

V.



## V.

Sick (as her heart can hold) the Nation lies;  
 Filling each corner with her hideous cries;  
 Sometimes Rage (like a burning Fever) heats,  
 Anon Dispair brings cold and clammy Sweets;  
 She cannot sleep, or if she doth she dreams  
 Of Rapes, Thefts, Burnings, Bloud, and direfull Themes,  
 Tosses from side to side, then by and by  
 Her feet are laid there where the head did lie:  
 None can come to her but bold Empiricks,  
 Who never meant to cure her, but try tricks:  
 Those very Doctors who should give her ease,  
 (God help the Patient) was her worst disease.  
 Th' Italian Mountebank Vane tells her sure,  
 Jesuites powder will effect the cure:  
 If grief but makes her swell, Martin and Nevil  
 Conclude it is a spice of the Kings Evil.  
 Bleed her again, another cries;— And Scot  
 Saith he could cure her, if 'twas— you know what:  
 But giddy Harrington a whimsey found,  
 To make her head (like to his brains) run round.  
 Her old and wise Phisicians, who before  
 Had well nigh cur'd her, came again to th' dore,  
 But were kept out,— Which made her cry the more,  
 Help, Help, (dear Children) Oh! some pity take  
 On her who bore you! Help for mercy sake!  
 Oh heart! Oh head! Oh back! Oh bones! I feel  
 They've poyson'd me with giving too much Steel:  
 Oh give me that for which I long and cry!  
 Something that's *Soveraign*, or else I dye.



## V I.

**K**Ind *Cheshire* heard;—And like some son that stood  
 Upon the Bank, straight jump'd into the Flood,  
 Flings out his arms, and strikes some strokes to swim,  
*Booth* ventur'd first, and *Middleton* with him,  
 Stout *Mackworth*, *Egerton*, and thousands more,  
 Threw themselves in, and left the safer shore,  
*Masse*y (that famous Diver) and bold *Brown*  
 Forsook his Wharfe;—resolving all to drown,  
 Or save a sinking Kingdom:— But, Oh sad!  
 Fearing to lose her prey, the Sea grew mad,  
 Rais'd all her billowes, and resolv'd her waves  
 Should quickly be the bold Adventurers graves.  
 Out Marches *Lambert*, like an Eastern wind,  
 And with him all the mighty Waters joyn'd.  
 The loyal Swimmers bore up heads and breasts,  
 Scorning to think of Life or Interests;  
 They ply'd their Arms and Thighs, but all in vain;  
 The furious Main beat them to shore again;  
 At which the floating Island (looking back,  
 Spying her loyall Lovers gone to wrack)  
 Shriekt lowder then before,— and thus she cries,  
 “ Can you ye angry Heavens and frowning Skies,  
 “ Thus Countenance Rebellious Mutineers,  
 “ Who if they durst, would be about your ears:  
 “ That I should sink, with Justice may accord,  
 “ Who let my Pilot be thrown over-board;  
 “ Yet 'twas not I (ye righteous heavens do know)  
 “ The Souldiers in me needs would have it so  
 “ And those who conjur'd up these Storms themselves,  
 “ And first engag'd me 'mongst these Rocks and Shelves,  
 “ Guilty of all my woes, erect this weather,  
 “ Fearing to come to Land, and chusing rather

“ To



( 9 )

"To sink me with themselves. — O! Cease to frown;  
"In tears (O just Heavens!) behold! my self I drown;  
"Let not these proud Waves do't: Prevent my fears,  
"And let them fall together by the Ears."

## VII.

**H** Eaven heard, and struck th' Insulting Army dead;  
Drunk with their *Cheshire* Triumphs, straight they  
New Lights appear'd; And new resolves they take, *Chari*  
A Single Person once again to make.  
Who shall be he? Oh! *Lambert*, without Rub,  
The fittest Divel to be *Bezebub*.  
He, the fierce Fiend, cast out o'th' House before,  
Return'd, and threw the House now out of doors:  
A Legion then he rais'd of Armed Sprights,  
Elves, Goblins, Fairies, Quakers, and new Lights,  
To be his under-Divels; with this rest  
He Soul and Body (Church and State) possess:  
Who though they fill'd all Countries, Towns, and Rooms,  
Yet (like that Fiend that did frequent the Tombs)  
Churches, and Sacred Grounds they haunted most;  
No Chappel was at Ease from some such Ghost.  
The Priests ordain'd to Exorcise those Elves,  
Were Voted Divels, and cast out themselves:  
Bible, or Alchoran, all's one to them,  
Religion serves but for a Stratagem:  
The holy Charnis these Adders did not heed,  
Churches themselves did Sanctuary need.

## VIII.

**T** He Churches Patronry and rich store,  
Alas! was swallowed many years before:  
*Bishops*



*Bishops and Deans* we fed upon before,  
 They were the *Ribs* and *Surloyns* of the Whore;  
 Not let her *Legs* (the *Priests*) go to the pot,  
 (They have the *Pope's Eye* in them) spare them not;  
 We have fat *Benifices* yet to eat,  
 (Bell, and our *Dragon-Army* must have meat;  
 Let us devour her *Limb-meal*, great and small,  
*Tythe Calves*, *Geese*, *Pigs*, the *Pettitoes* and all:  
 A *Vicaridge* in *Sippets*, though it be  
 But small, will serve a *squeamish Sectary*.  
 Though *Universities* we can't endure,  
 There's no false *Latine* in their *Lands*. (be sure)  
 Give *Oxford* to our *Horse*, and let the *Foot*  
 Take *Cambridge* for their booty, and fall to't.  
*Christ-Church* I'll have (cries *Vane*; *Disbrow* swops  
 At *Trinity*; *King's* is for *Berry's* chops;  
*Kelsey*, take *Corpus Christi*, *All-Souls*, *Packer*;  
*Carve Creed*, *St. John's*; *New Colledge*, leave to *Hacker*;  
*Fleetwood* cries, *Weeping Maudlin* shall be mine,  
 Her tears I'll drink instead of *Muscadine*:  
 The smaller *Halls* and *Houses* scarce are big  
 Enough to make one dish for *Hefbrig*;  
 We must be sure to stop his mouth, though wide,  
 Else all our *Fat* will be 'th' fire (they cry'd:)  
 And when we have done these, we'll not be quiet,  
*Lordships*, and *Landlords Rents* shall be our diet.  
 Thus talk'd this jolly crew, but still mine *Host*  
*Lambert*, resolves that he will rule the *Rost*.

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 I X
 

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But hark! Me-thinks I hear old *Boreas* blow,  
 What mean the North winds that they bluster so?  
 More storms from that black nook? Forbear! (bold *Scot*)  
 Let not *Dunbar* and *Worcester* be forgot:  
 What?



What? Would you chaffer w'us for one *Charles* more?  
 The price of Kings is fall'n, give the Trade o're.  
 And is the price of Kings and Kingdoms too,  
 Of Laws, Lives, Oaths, souls, grown so low with you?  
 perfidious Hypocrites! Monsters of men!  
 (Cries the good *Monck*) We'il raise their price agen.  
 Heaven said *Amen*; and breath'd upon that spark;  
 That spark (preserv'd alive i'th' cold and dark)  
 First kindled and inflam'd the Brittish Isle,  
 And turn'd it all to Bonfires, in a while:  
 He and his fewell was so small, no doubt,  
 Proud *Lambert* thought to tread, or pisse them out.  
 But *George* was wary;—His Cause did require  
 A pillar of a Cloud as well as Fire?  
 'Twas not his safest course to flame, but smoak;  
 His Enemies he will not burn, but choak:  
 Small Fires must not blaze out, lest by their light  
 They shew their weaknesse, and their Foes invite:  
 But Furnaces the stoutest Mettals melt  
 (And so did He) by fire not seen, but felt:  
 Dark-Lanthorn Language, and his peep-boe play,  
*Will-E-Wispt Lambert's* New-Lights out o'th' way.  
*George*, and his Boys, those thousands (O strange thing!)  
 Of *Snipes* and *Woodcocks*, took by Lowbelling.  
 His few Scotch-Coal kindled with English fire,  
 Made *Lambert's* great *Newcastle* heaps expire.

## X.

*Scotland*, (though poor, and peevish) was content  
 To keep the peace, and (O rare!) Money lent;  
 But yet the blessing of their Kirk was more;  
*George* had that too; and with this slender store  
 He and his Mirmidons advance.—Kind Heaven  
 Prepar'd a frost to make their march more even,



Easie, and safe; it may be said, That year  
 Of th' High-ways, Heaven it self was Overseer,  
 And made November ground as hard as May;  
 White as their Innocence, so was their way:  
 The Clouds came down in feather-beds, to greet  
 Him and his Army, and to kisse their feet.  
 The frost and foes both came and went together,  
 Both thaw'd away, and vanish'd God knows whither.  
 Whole Countries crowded in to see this Friend,  
 Ready to cast their bodies down, to mend  
 His Road to *Westminster*, and still they shout,  
 Lay hold of th' *Rumpe*, and pull the *Monster* out:  
 A new one, or a whole one (*Good my Lord*)  
 And to this cry the *Iland* did accord.  
 The *Eccho* of the Irish hollow ground  
 Heard *England*, and her language did rebound.

## X I

**P**resto—*Jack Lambert*, and and his Sprights are gone  
 To dance a Jigg with's brother *Oberon*:  
 George made him, and his cut-throats of our lives,  
 Swallow their Swords, as Juglers do their Knives,  
 And Carter *Disborough* to with in vain,  
 He now were Waggoner to *Charles* his Wain.  
 The Conquerour is now come into th' South,  
 Whose warm Air is made hot by every mouth;  
 Breathing his welcome, and in spite of Scot,  
 Crying, — *The whole child* (*Sir*) *divide it not*.  
 The *Rump* begins to sink; *Alas!* (*cry they*)  
 W' have rais'd a Devil which we cannot lay:  
 I like Him not—his belly is so big,  
 There's a King in't, cries furious *Hefbrig*,  
 Let's bribe Him (*They cry all*) Carve him a share  
 Of our stohn Venison. — *Varlets* forbear.



(13)

In vain you put your Lime twiggs to his Hands  
George Monck *is for the King, not for his Lands*.  
When fair means would not do, next foul they try,  
Vote him the City Scavenger ( they cry )  
Send him to scowr their Streets— Well, let it be  
Your Rumpship wants a scowring too ( thinks He )  
That foul House where you Worships many year  
Havelaid you Tayl, sure wants a Scavenger:  
I smell your Fizzle, though it make no Crack,  
You'd mount me on the Cities galled back,  
In hope shee'l cast her Rider: If I must  
Upon some Office in the Town be thrust,  
I'll be their Sword-bearer — and to their Dagger  
I'll joyn my Sword:—Nay (good Rump) do not swagger,  
The City feasts me, and (as sure as Gun)  
I'll mend all *Englands* Commons e're I've done.

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X I I.

**A**Nd so He did: One Morning next his heart  
He goes to *Westminster*, and play'd his part,  
He vampt their Boots (which *Hewson* ne're could do )  
With better leather, made them go upright too.  
The restor'd Members *Cato*-like no doubt )  
Did only Enter that They might go out,  
They did not mean within those Walls to dwell,  
Nor did they like their Company so well:  
Yet Heaven so blest them, that in three weeks space  
They gave both Church and State a better face,  
They gave *Booth, Missey, Brown*, some kinder lots;  
The last years Traytors, this years Patriots:  
The Churches poor Remainder they made good,  
And wash'd the Nations Hands of Royal Blood,  
And that a Parliament ( they did devise )  
From its own ashes (*Phenix*-like) might rise;

That



This done, By *Act* and *Deed* that might not fail,  
They pass a Fine, and so cut off *th'* Entail.

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## XIII.

**L**et the Bells ring these Changes now from *Bow*  
Down to the Country Candlesticks below,  
*Ringers*, Hands off; The Bells themselves will dance  
In memory of their own deliverance:  
Had not *George* shew'd his Mettle, and said Nay,  
Each Sectary had born the Bell away:  
Down with them all, they'r Christned (cry'd that Crew)  
Tye up their Clappers, and the Parsons too;  
Turn them to Guns, or sell them to the *Dutch*.  
Nay, hold (quoth *George*) my Masters, that's to much;  
You will not leap o're Steeples thus, I hope,  
I'll save the Bells, but you may take the Rope.  
Thus lay Religion panting for her life,  
Like *Isaac*, bound under the bloody knife;  
*George* held the falling Weapon, sav'd the Lamb:  
~~Let~~ *Lambert* (in the Briars) be the *Ram*.  
So lay the Royal Virgin (as 'tis told)  
When brave *St. George* redeem'd her life, of old.  
Oh that the Knaves that have consum'd our Land,  
Had but permitted Wood enough to stand  
To be his Bonfires; — We'd burn every stem,  
And leave no more but Gallow-Trees for them.

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## XIV.

**M**Arch on, Great Heroe! as thou hast begun,  
And Crown our Happiness before Th' art done:  
We have another *Charles* to fetch from *Spain*,  
Be thou the *George* to bring him back again:

Then



( 15 )

Then shalt thou be (what was deny'd that Kinght)  
Thy princes, and the Peoples Favourite:  
There is no danger of the Winds at all,  
Unlesse together by the Ears they fall,  
Who shall the honour have to waite a King  
And they who gain it, while they work, shall sing:  
Me-thinks I see how these triumphant Gales,  
Proud of the great Employment, swell the Sails;  
The joyfull ship shall dance, the Sea shall laugh,  
And loyal Fish their Masters health shall quaff;  
Se how the *Dolphins* croud and thrust their large  
And sealy shoulders, to assist the Barge:  
The peacefull Kingfishers are met together  
About the Decks and prophesie calm weather,  
Poor Crabbs and Lobsters are gone down to creep  
And search for Pearls and Jewels in the deep;  
And when they have the booty—crawl before  
And leave them for his welcome to the Shore.

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X V.

**M**E thinks I see how throngs of people stand  
Scarce patient till the Vessel come to land,  
Ready to leap in, and if need require  
With tears of Joy to make the waters higher:  
But what will *London* do? I doubt Old *Paul*  
With bowing to his Sovereign will fall.  
The Royal Lyons from the Tower shall roar,  
And though they see him not, yet shall adore:  
The Conduits will be ravish'd, and combine  
To turn their very water into Wine:  
And for the Citizens, I only pray  
They may not overjoy'd all die that day.  
May we all live more loyal and more true,  
To give to *Cesar* and to God their due.

Wee'l



( 16. )

Wee'l make his Fathers Tomb with tears to swim,  
And for the Son, wee'l shed our blood for him :  
*England* her penitential Song shall sing  
And take heed how she quarrels with her King.  
If for our sins—Our Prince shall be missed,  
Wee'l bite our nails rather than scratch our Head.

X V I.

O Ne English *George* out-weighs alone (by odds)  
A whole Committee of the Heathens Gods ;  
Pronounce but *Monck*, and (it is all his due)  
He is our *Mercury*, *Mars*, and *Neptune* too.  
*Monck* ( what great *Xerxes* could not ) prov'd the Man  
That with a word shakled the Ocean ;  
He shall command *Neptune* himself to bring  
His Trident, and present it to our King.  
Oh do it then great Admiral.—Away.  
Let him be here against St *George's* day ;  
That *Charles* may wear His *Dieu et Mondroit*,  
And Thou the Noble Garter'd *Honi Soit*.  
And when thy aged Corps shall yeild to Fate ;  
God save that soul that sav'd our *Church* and *State* :  
There thou shalt have a glorious Crown I know,  
Who Crown'dst our King and Kingdoms here below.  
But who shall finde a Pen fit for thy glory ?  
Or make Posterity believe thy Story.

**Vive St GEORGE.**

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